Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To poniſh this offence in others faults;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhal
Therefore good Cooſen, le
In any caſe, the offer of the
Ver. Deliuer what you wil
Hot. My vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of We
Vncle, what newes?
Wor. The King will bid
Dow. Defie him by the
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go
Dow. Mary and ſhall, an
Wor. There is no ſeemi
Hot. Did you beg any
Wor. I told him gently
Of his Oath-breaking: wh
By now forſwearing that h
He calls vs Rebels, Trayt
With haughty armes, this
Dow. Arme Gentlemen
A braue Defiance in King
And *Weſtmerland* that was
Which cannot chuſe but b
Wor. The *Prince of Wale*
And Nephew, challeng'd y
Hot. O, would the quar
And that no man might d
But I and *Harry Monmout*
How ſhewd his talking? ſe
Ver. No, by my ſoule, I
Did heare a Challenge vrg
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould
To gentle exerciſe and pr
He gaue you all the duties
Trimd vp your praiſes wit
Spoke your deſeruings lik
Making you euer better t
By ſtill diſpraiſing prayſe,
And which became him li

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